

# LOG DATE: INFINITE

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Log Date No. 146: The sounds of guns being fired were heard. Agonizing screams of pain could be heard from every corner. Dead bodies as far as the eye can see. Blood and massacre everywhere. I don't know how I got here, or the reason why. All I know is that I have to survive. You know, it's pretty hard trying to survive in the middle of a war in the early 20th century. How do I know what year it is? Because when I suddenly just... got here, there were signs indicating the year was 1901. Like, literal signs. I've had nightmares about never getting back home. I wonder where everyone thinks I am. Did anyone notice? I wonder...

Log Date No. 147: I'm running out of food and water. I might have to move locations soon. It's not safe. But there's too much stuff to carry. I might have to leave some behind. I'll only need my necessities. My water bottle, my sweater, my backpack, the last of my rations, my smaller weapons, and what's left of my First Aid kit. I don't want to leave anything behind, but it's for the greater good. Hopefully, once this war is over, if it ever ends, I could come back for them if they're not stolen or destroyed. I just hope that I can find a way to get back home soon.

Log Date No. 148: I found refuge. An abandoned camp. It has supplies that could last a while. It looks raided though. It's like the people here were in a rush to get out of here. But from what? It looked fine, from a first glance. When I looked inside, it looked fine. I decided to make myself at

home. Well, not really. But you get the point. There was a lot of food here. Plenty of canned food. That's all I needed. Luckily, it was also next to a river. I was able to replenish my water supply and food supply. There were also First Aid supplies too. I nabbed those as well. Anyway, it's getting late now. I'll update this tomorrow.

Log Date No. 149: I found out why this camp was abandoned. This was a crime scene. Dead bodies were buried underneath the dirt where this camp was. How did I find out? I was hanging around, trying to sort my rations, and I smelled something foul. It smelled like decaying meat. It also smelled like it was coming from underneath the dirt where this campsite was set up. I tried tolerating it for a few days, but the smell was just too much for me. I couldn't handle it anymore. But I had no way of digging up the dirt. So I had no choice but to use my hands. I was there for a few hours, my hands were hurting. But then I found something. It felt cold and it felt like leather. I kept digging and I found something that would leave me scarred. I found an arm. A human arm. I almost screamed, but then I remembered I was in a war zone. I was trying to keep a low profile. I wanted to stop digging, but my curiosity got the better of me. I kept digging and digging. I found a human body. An entire body. But that wasn't all. The smell was too strong to be just one body. So I kept digging. I found three more bodies. Three bodies. I packed all my essentials and got the heck out of there. I kept running and running until I could find better refuge. I'll update this later.

Log Date No. 150: So I abandoned that campsite and never looked back. Hopefully, I never have to go back. But at least that's behind me. Literally. But I was able to find refuge in a nearby forest. A wooden cabin. It was a small cabin. Like a really small cabin. But it was a shelter, so I

had to take advantage of it. Nothing else to report here. I'll update this later if something happens.

Log Date No. 151: Well, it happened. They came my way. The U.S. Military found my shelter. Luckily, I left long before they found it. But I don't want to think about what would've happened if they found me. I'm just lucky they didn't. Now I'm homeless again. I mean, I was still homeless. If anything, I was squatting there. Looks like I'll have to find a different shelter now. That sucks a lot. I was hoping to get at least a week inside that cabin. Turned out that wasn't gonna be the case. Well, I'll report back on this later.

Log Date No. 152: After traveling through the countries for days, I found myself on an abandoned road of shops. They were surprisingly filled with supplies I could use. There was a firearms shop, a small commissary, a diner, a barber shop, and a camp shop. First, I went into the commissary to stock up on food. I was running low on it anyway. Sadly, the water in the commissary was all dirty and undrinkable. Maybe there would be something useful in the camp shop. Indeed, some things would be useful in that camping shop. There were matches, sleeping bags, tents, electric lanterns, disposable utensils, extra backpacks, and a lot more. I took as much as I could. I just skipped the diner and the barbershop. It's not like they would have anything useful for me. I did check out the firearms shop. It had ammo and guns. So I took the essentials for a gun and a user's manual. Luckily, it told me what guns use which ammo. So I nabbed what would be useful and left. Hopefully, no one will find me, and if they do, I can defend myself.

Log Date No. 153: Hello again. I know it's been a while since I wrote down my experiences. But a lot has been going on these past few months. I almost had a run-in with the U.S. Military. I was just on the run, trying to find refuge, and I saw an army of men not too far away. They were marching toward my direction. I ran the opposite way but I saw the opposing side of the war. I felt like I was trapped. I did not plan this scenario out. I also did not plan on dying today. The people I dreaded coming at 12 and 6 o'clock. I had to make a decision fast. So I ran East into the forest as fast as I could so no one could find me. I would hope that I would find a running source of water in a secluded spot in the woods. I just hoped for the best. Luckily I found exactly what I was looking for. All I could do now was to pray no one found this spot.

Log Date No. 154: I've had way too many close calls lately. I pretty much found the perfect spot to hide. I can't risk losing this area too. Today's the day where I start to defend myself, and my refuge. I knew it was time to stop being a coward. I remembered the gun users manual I snatched and I studied how to use the gun I also nabbed. I studied for a long time until I felt I was ready. I loaded up my gun and waited. If I saw anyone come near this area, I would shoot. No more running, no more hiding. Enough was enough.

One year passed as he defended himself. He shot down anyone who came near his spot. Day and night he waited for someone to find him and he would kill them. Writing down his experiences in the form of entry logs. For him, it felt like an eternity. Waiting endlessly for at least a sign that would lead him back to his own time. Back home. He sat in the same area for a year, only leaving to find food and shelter from those shops he found a year prior.

Log Date No. 457: I have been surviving by killing the wildlife around me. After the commissary ran out of food, I thought I would die of starvation. But I remembered that's what hunting was for. I was also very lucky I stole those matches when I could. Why, you ask? It gave me a source of heat and a place to cook the wildlife I killed. I used each matchbox I took very sparingly. But there was only so much. This is almost my last box. I also went back and took a tent. I needed shelter and sticks against a tree wasn't gonna cut it. Yes, the tent was difficult to set up, but I was able to figure it out. I defended this spot with determination, but I only had so many bullets. I eventually ran out. I got scared and anxious, but I remembered that I had stolen hunting knives as well. I trained day and night with different techniques to defend my area with no ammo. I slaughtered hundreds of living creatures. There was so much blood on my hands. Both literally and figuratively. I'm no saint anymore, but I did what was necessary to survive.

Log Date No. 458: After months of unnecessary slaughter, hungry nights, and no sleep in the name of survival, there is good news. The best news after a year and a half being stuck in this god-forsaken war field. It finally ended. The war between the American Military and the Philippines is over. No more hungry nights, no more slaughter, no more hiding, no more running. I could finally rest. As I took everything I had left, I saw a portal. It looked like the same magic that brought me here. I still don't know what brought me here, or why, but I know that it was finally letting me leave. My name is Z and before I step through that portal, I just wanted to say something to this horrible, awful, and cruel place. Fuck you.

After walking through the portal, Z seemed to change back to a fresh set of clothes, shoes, a backpack, and school supplies. But they were the same way before the magic took him away. The same clothes, shoes, backpack, even his school supplies. Not only that, but it had appeared no passage of time ever occurred. He was in the same spot, in the same weather, with the same people around him. He also almost immediately forgot what even happened to him for the past year and a half. It's like he never went missing. It's like it never even happened. But it did indeed happen. The proof was Z himself, or his body. He retained the same scars and damage that he took while he was gone. He would never remember it, but the question remains. What caused all of this chaos to occur? We wonder...